

The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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PRIZE MEDAL OF THE APOTHECARIES' SOCIETY.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Cut represents the Medal offered annually by the Society of Apothecaries, for Proficiency in Botanical Science. The obverse bears the head of the illustrious Swedish Naturalist, Linnæus, copied from an authentic miniature, in the possession of Dr. Robert Brown, the celebrated Botanist. The reverse represents the Muse instructing Youth; and directing attention to the names of the Fathers of Natural History, inscribed on a sarcophagus: whose imperishable fame, as indicated by the undying lamp, held out by the Muse, as a stimulus to industry.

The first of these illustrious names is that of our celebrated countryman, John Ray, in whose writings are found the earliest rudiments of what Linnæus has rightly designated as, "*Botanices ultimus finis*," the Natural System.

The flowers in the vase express the purpose of the Medal, as do also the numerous vegetable productions with which the ground is strewed.

The relief upon the vase is that of a female figure, who handles with impunity a noxious serpent, allegorical of that science which discloses the hidden virtues of the vegetable kingdom, and those subtle principles by which not only is disease arrested and expelled, but the venom of the most fatal poisons dissipated, and rendered innoxious; thus realizing the prediction of the Mantuan poet:—

"Occidet et serpens, et herba fallax venena."

VOL. XXXI.

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Whilst we regret that this is still but the unreal dream of the poet, we may indulge a well-founded hope, that the study of the virtues of the vegetable world may add to the number of specifics* which it has already furnished for the alleviation of human suffering; and, surely, whatsoever tends to promote this object is highly deserving of public attention. In no instance have the public spirit and zeal for the advancement of science, which distinguishes the Society of Apothecaries, been more fully appreciated by the medical profession, or produced more beneficial results than those which have followed the annual award of this medal.

The medallion beneath the group bears in relief the arms of the Society of Apothecaries,—Apollo destroying the Python; half concealed near it appears the staff of Aesculapius.

The Society offers annually a Gold Medal, of the intrinsic value of ten guineas, and a Silver Medal from the same die, to the two Candidates who shall pass the best and second best examination in systematic, descriptive, and physiological botany, and in vegetable materia medica and chemistry.

This examination is open to all students of medicine, and is warmly contested by students from the various schools.

The last Examination took place in October, and the medals were distributed on the 28th of that month, at the annual dinner of the Society; the Gold Medal being pre-

* The specifics are two only, namely; Cinchona for intermittent fevers, and Lemon-juice for scurvy.

sented to Mr. William Davies, of Chelsea, student of King's College; and the Silver Medal to Mr. H. T. Normansell, student of University College: both of whom had previously received distinguished honours in their respective colleges.

MARCH.

THE howling blasts, the shortened days, the frigid atmosphere, and the desolate hues of mid-winter, are preparing to take their departure; and embryo Spring, on some occasional gleamy day, is felt to be near. We inhale with her sweet breath a thousand memories of other days; while hopes and aspirations, and plans for the coming seasons, which, during the quiescent period of fire-side localities, had lain dormant, revive. The streams are released from their icy thralldom, and are hastening with a cheerful sound to the valleys—in due time to clothe them with refreshing verdure. Down in their beds the flowers still lie, save the winter aconite, and that "wee little modest fragile" herald, the snow-drop, bending its snowy petals over the chilly earth;—of all flowers, perhaps the one we look at with the most pleasure, for there is the charm of novelty to enhance its chaste beauty. But the equinoctial gales are high, and are sounding the boisterous retreat of winter, as if he were rudely contending the point with his gentle daughter, who timidly holds back her buds and her blossoms—until the

"Ruffian blasts shall quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
Dissolving snows in liquid torrents melt,
And mountains lift their green heads to the sky!"

"Nothing so like the voice of a spirit," has been said of the moaning blast,—and truly, the voices of departed years, departed friends, and scenes and associations, seem borne on the rushing winds—we listen to the sound thereof, and muse on our most fleeting, most finite existence, the denizens of life's little day, yet the heirs of endless being—

"Through what new scenes, what wonders may we pass,
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before us!"

The ever-revolving ball, on which we mortals of a day are so busily engaged, is again approaching the fountain of light and heat, and balmy airs, and sunny hours, the dappled sky of morning, and the soft gloaming, the dewy moonlight, and the sultry noon, will again return, to lighten our spirits with their bland influence. In every season, let us adore the Beneficent Ruler, who, in so many forms of beauty, surrounds us with his gifts, who

"Glow in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Shines in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Because we are so continually receiving the bounties of Providence, shall we forget the hand from which they flow? and, like the animals, be for ever occupied with self, and immerse spirits born for immortality in earth-bound hopes and cares, unmindful of the ten thousand forms of Deity around us? "Consider the lilies of the field," said the Divine Teacher, who condescended to call attention to these his humble works—

"For me—when I forget the Hand which gives—
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
sets the plain.

Inspiring autumn gleams, or winter rises in the
blackening east.

Be my tongue mute, may fancy point no more,
And dead to joy forget my heart to beat!"

ANNE R—.

British Colonies.

WINTER IN THE CANADAS.

THE temperature of this extensive country varies, of course, with the distance from the equator—the contiguity to ranges of uncultivated mountains, &c.; but, as a whole, the clear blue sky, the absence of fog, and the consequent peculiar elasticity of animal fibre, indicate the salubriousness of British North America. In the Eastern provinces, or Lower Canada, the greater severity of the winter is owing partly to its NE. position, and partly to the NE. range of lofty mountains. In the more N. part of the province, the snow commences in November, but seldom continues many days on the ground before December, when the whole country is covered for several feet deep, and it does not entirely disappear before the beginning of May. The frost, during this period, is generally intense, with NW. winds and clear atmosphere, during the greater part of the winter; but on a change of wind to the southward and eastward, the weather is overcast, the atmosphere becomes damp, sometimes accompanied with thick fog and snow falls, with a considerable rise in the thermometer,—which usually ranges, during the months of December, January, February, and March, from 32 to 25 below zero—Fahrenheit. In 1790, Mercury froze at Quebec. It is often 60 Fahrenheit below the freezing point—20 is the average. As an experiment, bomb-shells were nearly filled with water of the temperature of 51 degrees below the freezing point; an iron plug was then driven into the fuse-hole by a sledge-hammer; when the water froze the plug was forced out with a loud report, and with great velocity, to a considerable extent; a plug 2½ oz. weight was thrown 415 yards, the elevation of the fuse axis being at 45. When a plug with notched springs, permitting its expansion within the shell, was used, the shell always burst. Rocks, particularly those of the calcareous, schistous, and sand-

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stone order, are often rent as if with gunpowder, by the expansive force of intense frost. During the cold frosty nights, the woods creak, as if 10,000 *bucherons* were at them with their hatchets.

As the winter comes on, one snow storm, succeeds another till the face of the whole country is changed,—every particle of ground is covered, the trees alone remaining visible, and even the mighty river St. Lawrence is arrested in its course; every where, in fact, the chilling influence of winter is felt, and every precaution is taken by man to resist its numbing effects. All the feathered tribes take the alarm—even the hardy crow retreats—and few quadrupeds are to be seen: some, like the bear, remaining in a torpid state; and others like the hare, changing their colour to pure white, and thus with difficulty to be discerned amid the snow.

And here it may be observed, that the result of intense cold (such as is felt in Canada) is, if not guarded against, similar to that of intense heat; with this difference, that it is easier to guard against the effects of the one in North America, than of the other in India. A cold iron, during a Canadian winter, when tightly grasped, blisters and burns with nearly equal facility as a hot iron. The principle, in both instances, is alike—in the former, the caloric, or vital heat of the body, passes so rapidly from the hand into the cold iron, as to destroy the continuous and organic structure of the part; in the latter, the caloric passes so rapidly from the hot iron into the hand, as to produce the same effect: heat, in both cases, being the cause; its passing into the body from the iron, or into the iron from the body, being equally injurious to vitality. From a similar cause the incautious traveller, in Canada, is burnt in the face by a very cold wind, with the same sensations as when he is exposed to the blast of an eastern sirocco.

It must not, however, be supposed, that the severity of the winter is any obstacle to out-door amusements, though it stops the navigation of the rivers and the cultivation of the soil; on the contrary, winter in Canada is the season of joy and pleasure: the cares of business are laid aside, and all classes and ranks indulge in a general carnival, as some amends for the toil undergone during the summer months. The sleigh or carriage of the humble *habitant*, or proud *seigneur*, is got ready all over the country—riding abroad on business or pleasure commences—visiting is in active play between friends, neighbours and relatives—regular city and town balls, and irregular pic-nic country parties, where each guest brings his dish, are quite the rage; and, after dining, dancing, and supping, and dancing again, the wintry morning dawn is ushered in, while the festive

glee is yet at its height, and a violent snow-storm often blockades the *pic-nickers*, until broad daylight enables them to carriage towards home—over the ice-bound rivers and waves of snow, in all the enjoyments of which the lightest hearted beings can be susceptible—considering the hardships and inconveniences of the moment, as a zest to the more staid and fashionable routes of Quebec or Montreal.

Travelling over frozen rivers or lakes is, however, not unattended with real danger; the sleigh, its horses, and passengers, being not unfrequently instantly engulfed, and sucked beneath the ice; there being no warning of the danger until the horses sink, dragging the carriage and its inmates after them. Fortunately, the weak or thin places are in general of no great extent; and when the horses are found to be sinking, the passengers instantly leap out on the strong ice, seize the ropes, which, with a running noose, are placed ready for such an emergency on every sleigh horse's neck, and by sheer pulling the animal is strangled in order to save his life! This is absolutely a fact. If the horse be allowed to kick and struggle, it only serves to injure and sink him: as soon, however, as the noose is drawn tight, his breathing is momentarily checked, strangulation takes place, the animal becomes motionless, rises to the surface, floats on one side, and is then drawn out on the strong ice; when the noose, being loosened, respiration re-commences, and the horse is on his feet carrying away again in a few minutes as briskly as ever. This singular and almost incredible operation has been known to be performed two or three times a day on the same horse; and the Americans say, that, like Irishmen, the animals are so used to be hanged that they think nothing of it. Often, however, horses, sleigh, or carriage, and passengers, are in a moment sunk, and swept beneath the ice. The traveller on the frozen rivers, but more especially on the frozen lakes, incurs also great danger, from the large rifts or openings which run from one side of the lake to the other, from one to six feet broad, causing, at some distance from the crack, a shelving up of the ice to the height of several feet, in proportion to the breadth of the fissure. The sleigh-drivers, when they see no other mode of passing, or of escape, make the horses endeavour to leap the chink at full gallop, with the sleigh behind them, at the imminent risk of being engulfed in the lake.

A snow-storm is another source of danger to the American traveller; and there is, indeed, something truly awful and terrific in a snow-storm on land, as well as in a hurricane at sea, with this disadvantage attending the traveller on *terra firma*, that he has no landmarks, supplying the place of the mariner's

compass, to guide him in his trackless path, while the intellects become rapidly bewildered, memory fails, and a road often travelled, and formerly well known, is utterly lost in the remembrance of the unfortunate traveller. While the heavy fall of snow is taking place, it is accompanied by a violent gale of wind, which drifts the light snow along with great velocity, forming in its progress innumerable eddies and turnings according to the inequalities of the surface, and raising as it were light clouds from the earth, which obscure and confuse every thing. This drift, which the Canadians call *La Poudre*, consists of minute but intensely frozen particles of snow, which, whirled by the impetuosity of the hurricane, force their way through the smallest window or door-chink, leaving large heaps of snow on the floor in a few hours, as we sometimes experience on a small scale in England.

Below Quebec the St. Lawrence is not frozen over, but the navigation is impeded by the large masses of ice which are floated down the river from the upper districts, and kept in motion by the combined action of the current at the narrows opposite Quebec, and the diurnal influence of the ocean tides.

At distant intervals, about once in ten years, the St. Lawrence is frozen across completely at Quebec, when a grand rejoicing takes place, a kind of jubilee in fact; booths are erected on the ice, sleigh races are enacted, skating, driving, &c., occur on a smooth sheet of ice, which for eight miles appears like a mirror, and the *pont* (as it is termed) enables the country people on the opposite side from Quebec to bring their frozen provisions, &c., to market in their carriages without the difficulty and danger of crossing the half-frozen river in their slight canoes.

As soon as the winter sets in, the farmer is obliged to house all his cattle, sheep, and poultry, when those destined for winter use, are killed before they lose any of the fat acquired during the summer and autumn. No salt is necessary to preserve them—they are exposed to the frost for a short time, when they become as hard as ice, and in this state, after being packed in casks or boxes with snow, are preserved from the external air. At the end of four or five months they are still perfectly good, and thawed for use with cold water—warm fluid would render the provisions quite useless. Fish is also preserved in a similar manner, and it is stated may be restored to life four or five days after being immediately frozen when taken out of water. From these circumstances, house-keeping is less expensive in winter than in summer.

During the month of April, the influence of the sun on the ice and snow begins to be felt, and about the first week in May, the

snow has all disappeared in the neighbourhood of Quebec; and the ice which had been accumulating in the great lakes and rivers that pay tribute to the St. Lawrence, rushes down in vast masses, and almost incredible quantities, towards the ocean, which again dashes it inland with the impetuosity of the gulf tides, presenting an extraordinary and almost terrific scene; sometimes the St. Lawrence is choked up from bank to bank with masses of ice from 4 to 500 yards in diameter,—the sea-tide and land current force these on one another, and break them into small pieces, forming fantastic groups of figures, high above the surface of the river,—the effect of the wind and water on these masses may easily be imagined. The navigation of the river is not said to be completely open until they have all disappeared, which is about the second week in May; vessels attempting to get out of, or to enter, the St. Lawrence, while the ice is forming or disappearing, are frequently lost, by being embayed, and crushed to pieces during a severe storm, when the running rigging, and even the rudder, become immovable. It is worthy of notice, that so large a river as the *St. Lawrence*, in lat. 47, should be shut up with ice as early, and remain as long closed, (five months,) as the comparatively small river *Neva*, in lat. 60.

The severest winters are generally accompanied by N.E. winds, which convey from Labrador and by the icy Pole, new supplies of snow and frost; but the prevailing winds throughout the year are westerly; in the winter, cold, sharp, and dry airs, blow from the N. and N.W., and in the summer genial breezes come from the W. and S.W. The E. wind blows for a few days in each month, and in the spring, during April and May, for a longer period. The *Aurora Borealis*, or northern lights, are extremely brilliant, and assume various forms—at one time, like gorgeous floating standards—at another as a vast crescent, changing into magnificent columns or pillars of resplendent light, which move in majestic grandeur from the horizon towards the zenith, until the whole firmament becomes splendidly irradiated—suddenly vanishing, and as suddenly reappearing under new forms and colours, and with varied brilliancy, until they entirely disappear. It is said by some, that a rustling like that of silk is heard during a fine *Aurora*. Mr. McGregor never heard it in Labrador. — *Abridged from Mr. Montgomery Martin's Colonial Library.*

CANADIAN VOYAGEURS.

THE voyageurs, (says Mr W. Irving,) form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the arrieros, or carriers, in South America;

• The spring is three weeks earlier at Montreal, distant on the St. Lawrence about 180 miles.

and, like expedition difference with mul water, with agues w French m through the bound the course and, like arduous, prone to revely ab squanderi coiviali the Indian voyageur a blanket sen, or le skin, and which are and other French w words an are pass the service of the furi French c quietly an ton, being ever read fund of stead of men eng apt to in are mutu interchan other assa gency, as couns an no relati probably adventure and wane missive t capable o humour so happy expeditio coasting ders, who nit gossi dextero the oar e ing unt steersma French which the ours: if relax in up a son spirits a are vocal that hav

and, like them, are employed in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic, with this difference, that the arrieros travel by land, with mules and horses, the voyageurs by water, with batteaux and canoes. The voyageurs were originally employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinth of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior: they were coeval with the *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, and, like them, in the intervals of their long, arduous, and laborious expeditions, were prone to pass their time in idleness and revelry about the trading posts or settlements, squandering their hard earnings in heedless conviviality, and rivalling their neighbours, the Indians, in indolent indulgence. The voyageurs wear a capote, or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers, or leather leggings, mocassins of deer-skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended a knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is French with a mixture of Indian and English words and phrases. The lives of the voyageurs are passed in wild and extensive roving in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur-traders. They are, in general, of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance; they have, too, a fond of civility and compliance; and, instead of that hardness and grossness which men engaged in laborious employment are apt to indulge in towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of *cousin* and *brother*, when there is, in fact, no relationship. Their natural goodwill is probably heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life. No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardships, or more good-humoured under privations; they are never so happy as when engaged on long and rough expeditions; and after toiling up rivers, or coasting lakes, encamp at night on the borders, where, bivouacked in the open air, they sit gossiping around their fires. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning until night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditional French song, with some regular burden, in which they all join, keeping time with their oars: if at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion, it is only necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with these little French *chansons*, that have been transmitted from father to

son, from the earliest days of the colony; and it has a pleasing effect in a still, golden summer evening, to see a batteau gliding across the bosom of a lake, and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint, old ditties, or sweeping along in full chorus on a bright, sunny morning down the transparent current of one of the Canadian rivers.

W. G. C.

The Contemporary Traveller.

ASCENT OF MAUNA KEA, IN HAWAII.

(Letter from the late Mr. David Douglas, the distinguished Botanist; in the *Sandwich Islands Gazette*, No. 1.)

Hawaii, Jan. 10, 1834.

It took me six days to reach the summit of Mauna Kea, but as I was working as I went, the time did not creep,—it flew,—I wished my days weeks, and my weeks years. The path, if such it may be called, from the sea to the upper edge of the woody country, a space of 6,500 feet elevation, and by the road, somewhat over thirty miles, is inexpressibly bad: the numerous mountain torrents came rolling in from over their banks, from the late rains, mud holes, small pools, lava ledges, cracks and fissures, with the thick brushwood entwined and bound together by creeping plants—this was to me, among the *few* and *short* walks I have now had in various parts of the world for the last fifteen years, one of the very worst. The plants, particularly the ferns, in this region, “vie with each other in luxury of dress.”

The middle region, a space of 4,000 feet of itself, is sublime and grand beyond all description; over this part are numerous hills or knolls, 300 to 1,000 feet from their bases, clothed with clumps of low trees, of three kinds; one the mamanee, a beautiful tree, not unlike the English laburnum, with whortleberries, raspberries, strawberries, and a beautiful green sward. This portion is divided by deep rills, which show the direction of the outlets of the lava, when in a state of fluidity. Beyond this, all is desolation, and all at once we see no gradual disappearance of the verdure, no intermediate link between the tropical and arctic plants, which is generally the case on great mountains: there is here a defined station, beyond which Flora maintains no influence; not a blade of grass, not even a bit of moss on the blocks of lava,—nothing to delight or rest the eye of the fatigued traveller, nothing to be seen but scoria and ashes.

The fourth region, the table-land, or platform, is a large space of several miles, bearing evidence of having been heaved up from the bottom of the ocean; not in the shape of boiling lava, with an infinitude of layers, showing the different overflowings, but in mass, a spontaneous effort of nature. This

consists of sand, boulders, gravel, &c., just like the dry channel of a great river; but all bears the strongest evidence of having undergone the most intense calcination, and some, I conceive, at no very remote period. The last zone consists of nine peaks or humps, entire craters, composed of ashes and scoria. On the culminant point of all, the whole of my instruments were fixed; and as the day was delightfully clear, I laboured throughout the whole of it, with pleasure and delight, if not with advantage to science. I fear Mauna Kea will be robbed of some of its charms; for in vain can I, by any process, find it 18,000 feet, the height ascribed to it by early voyagers, and adopted by subsequent writers: it is a whit over 13,000 feet: Mauna Loa is considerably higher.

From this height, the day being exceedingly clear, the islands of Mani and Molokai were visible; and I could discover the clouds hanging over Oahu, but did not see the land. The whole of this island was visible, save that portion lying to the south of Mauna Loa, which could not be seen, that mountain being of greater elevation.

The horizon was well defined, and I saw the sun emerge from the bosom of the ocean, the instant of his approach, like a thread of gold. He seemed, as it were, bound to the horizon; for, before his whole disc was disengaged, the upper limb was obscured in a fog, which his presence generated. The thermometer was then at nineteen degrees, with a violent S. W. wind, an opposite point to the trade-wind below; there was then but little snow; now the winter clothing is thick, and low down on the mountain, a seventh part of the whole height is white. The intense dryness was terrible; the skin is entirely off my hands and face, like a person affected with the leprosy.

[In another letter, dated Byron's Bay, Island of Hawaii, Jan. 19, Mr. Douglas speaks of the sensation produced by earthquakes, as "our parent earth faithless to our steps." How prophetic was this phrase in the mouth of Mr. Douglas, who met his death by the caving in of a pit! Thus:]

Were the traveller allowed to express the emotion he feels on such a place on the earth's surface, cold must be his heart to the great operations of nature, and still colder must it be towards nature's God, by whose wisdom and power such wonderful works were called into existence, did he not behold such with deep humility and reverential awe: man here feels himself upon the verge of another world; such is the deathlike calmness of the scene—not an organized being to be seen or heard, far removed from the din, the bustle, the joys and the cares of ordinary life—that it augments the solemnity of the place, and impresses on his mind with double force the just idea of his own nothingness—an atom

of creation, permitted to interrogate nature in her solitude—to contemplate her works in forms the most varied, mighty, and most obscure.

The kinder feelings of our nature are blunted by the falseness of friendship; but how are our feelings roused when we find our parent earth faithless to our steps! Of all sensations, those produced by earthquakes in countries agitated by volcanic fires, are the strongest man can feel.

The Public Journals.

THE ART OF DRESS.

By Capt. Orlando Sabertash: in *Fraser's Magazine*.

ARRIVING in England *Corpo di Bacco!* what a quiz you find yourself on alighting from the Dover coach, so that the first thing you have to do is to steel unperceived to your hatter and tailor, in order to be made presentable; for your attire makes even gravity hold its sides with laughter. Of hats I have no time to speak at present; and must, therefore, proceed to your tailor, who blushes at seeing a customer in a coat that seems made for Grimaldi, and with nether garments that are truly unmentionable. In vain you assure him that every article was made by the first artists in Paris; he suspects you have been acting *tableaux*, and taken the subjects from Cruikshank's caricatures. He proceeds to measure you, therefore, so as to be perfectly sure of your identity.

Before we talk of coats, we must say a word of the artists and their bills. There are several good tailors in London, and most of the real army tailors may be depended upon for a good fit and good materials; but they are exorbitantly expensive. By real army tailors, I do not mean those who call themselves so because they have occasionally made a subaltern's uniform, but those who are regularly employed by whole regiments, or by a number of well dressed military men. But, then, you must know how to manage them or you will soon be an ill-dressed man, with a very long tailor's bill. The secret of being well dressed—and I tell it you in confidence—is to keep short bills, and to change your tailor the moment you suspect that he shows the slightest symptom of inattention to your particular whim or fancy. For if you are once so deeply in his debt that you cannot pay him off the moment you find the slightest fault with him, from that moment he will dress you according to his pleasure and fancy, instead of your own. If you want an alteration done to your coat, it will be executed in the most slovenly and patchwork style imaginable; and if you send it back in wrath, in comes the bill in return; so that, unless you can always meet the demand for cash, you must put up with what your tailor approves, however little you may

like it you submitted are enormous trifling is only by short account, pocket, to order. I the leading the best heard of one, having the most evil of to some part which the suited to makers, wearing boots and instantly m to remove coats fit very time that it is wider than not a line worth of the eternal "Well in town, Mr. Wh at a fit, at 23, G. solely pro waistcoat guineas it is afflu has been of a wai and em different propose and froc be worn handson apparel stiff, cut to make plain cor of chara are out to wear coat and when w looks as upper v one. T applies otherwis tons, y hoiders crimson handson and the gold an

like it yourself. The charges, also, must be submitted to without a murmur; and they are enormous at the best, particularly all the trifling items that run up the accounts. It is only by a rigid debate on every item of a short account, having the money in your pocket, that you can keep tailor's bills in order. If you follow this plan, you will find the leading and (so called) expensive tailors the best and cheapest also. I have often heard of cheap tailors, but never could find one, having always found the cheap articles the most expensive in the end. Another evil of tailors is, that they generally have some particular cut or fancy of their own, which they insist on following, however unsuited to your taste or figure. Like boot-makers, who—as the corns of all the boot-wearing sons of earth attest—invariably make boots and shoes too small, so tailors constantly make clothes too tight. It is useless to remonstrate. You are told that your coats fit beautifully; and assured at the very time when you can hardly breathe in it, that it is as easy as a glove. As to making it wider that is entirely out of the question—not a line of cloth is laid in; and pounds' worth of good articles are daily spoiled in the eternal hope of saving farthings.

"Well, Mr. White," said we, on arriving in town, "what is the order of the day?" Mr. White, who is not only a first-rate hand at a fit, but a man of taste also—his studio is at 53, Great Marlborough-street—immediately produced a splendid collection of new waistcoat patterns. Seven, eight, nine, ten guineas each! All very fine, no doubt, but it is afflicting to think that modern invention has been unable to rise beyond the pattern of a waistcoat, considering also that a showy and embroidered waistcoat agrees but indifferently with a plain coat. I formerly proposed that silk trousers, shawl waistcoats and frock coats, laced *a la militaire*, should be worn in full dress, being, in fact, the handsomest costume consistent with modern apparel; but as we are still confined to the stiff, cut away dress-coat, we must just try to make the best appearance we can. With a plain coat, showy waistcoats are, no doubt out of character; and with a plain black one they are out of the question. The attempt also, to wear a white waistcoat with plain black coat and trousers, is a complete failure, even when worn with a full black stock; for it looks as if you had forgotten your real and upper waistcoat, and come with the under one. The same appearance of forgetfulness applies to all white stocks, whether satin or otherwise. With a blue coat and metal buttons, you may wear a flowered and embroidered satin or velvet waistcoat; the crimson velvet and gold, are of course the handsomest. Satin only answers in black, and then accords only with a black coat; but gold and satin cannot go together. Shawl

collars are indispensable—the others look stiff and formal—but they must be well and gracefully cut; that is, they must be cut narrow behind the neck, and swell out in breadth as they descend on the breast. For this purpose, the upper buttons and button-holes of the waistcoat must recede from the edge, so as to permit the collar to loop over: this is your only way to get a right fit. The length of the waistcoat is also a very essential matter; for a single line too short or too long, and failure is irremediable. The waistcoat must just reach the swell of the hip, and rise a little with it to show that it comes fully home, and then descend to a point in front, to give you shape and *tour-nure*. Trousers are a very difficult article to fashion. They must be wide.

As to the particular cut of your coat, it must depend on your face and figure; for the dress that would become the tall, stately figure and long features of the Knight of La Mancha, even he of the useful countenance would look but indifferently on the round and shapeless figure of the sagacious governor of Barataria. It is nonsense, therefore, to tie yourself down to fashion; you must know how to be above it, and to make that fashionable which you may condescend to wear. I always make it a point to deviate in something from established fashion, even when I have myself introduced it.

Dress-coats must be black or blue: a rich coffee-coloured brown, with the rest of the apparel in good harmony, has also succeeded; but all attempts at claret colour have failed. As a general rule, the fewer glaring colours and contrasts the better. Set off your dress if you can, but never let the parrot or macaw glare of its colours attract that notice which is due only to yourself. A man looks exceedingly foolish if he cannot come up to the attention his dress has excited. Recollect also, that there is much of taste and genius displayed in costume. You never saw a man of sense dressed like a fool; and all attempts at filthy and vulgar negligence, are mere proofs of stupid affectation. Rings, chains, trinkets, brooches are, of course, beneath notice.

As to morning dress, a frock coat, improperly called a surtout, is the only thing at this time of the year. In the choice of colours, you have here more latitude, but it must be made single breasted. A double breasted frock coat should not be acknowledged, such a thing is a misconception, an error in judgment altogether. The exact length of a frock-coat, is, however, a great point. If you are tall let it come fairly to the knee; not a line shorter, whatever fashion may dictate; and even then you must wear trousers of good dimension, in order to make the thing look well. If you are a dummy you may do as you like.

Shirts, stocks, cravats, all difficult points, must be touched upon another time. At present, I can only say that frills will not do, they are not in character with the spirit of the age. A good stock or cravat is also wanting; but I shall have one made by next month.

Hats, boots, and shoes must also stand over. But I may as well tell you never to wear stockings with open work in front or at the sides—they are fit only for rope and opera dancers, and I would as soon think of wearing spangled pumps.

Early in spring, I shall make my appearance in Regent-street, with a well-fitted, single-breasted coat, buttoned down to the waist, and cut gracefully away over the hips, concave, not the vulgar and unfitting convex cut—so as to leave the free action of the limbs; it will be short, but rather broad in the skirts; sleeves wide, gracefully plaited on the shoulders, so as to mark the figure, nothing more. I shall wear a slouched hat, rather broad in the brim, well bent down before and behind; the crown rather conical so as to appear light and airy, and of height to correspond with my face and figure.

On all grand occasions, when out of uniform, I now wear a black coat, with real gold wire covered buttons, the only perfect dress buttons; a black velvet waistcoat with ditto. When I sport stone or steel-coloured trousers, with stockings to match, I wear a black kerseymere waistcoat with the above buttons; but, in general, I prefer the black trousers, and only change occasionally for the sake of variety. When Lord Palmerston first saw me in the above costume, he declared that he would willingly have resigned the honour of the quadruple treaty, for the credit of having devised it. It is only by aid of light, airy, and elastic feelings that you can ever become a well-dressed man. Hilarity, cheerfulness, and good humour, must give the *tournure* requisite for the easy, graceful, and elegant wear of the best-made apparel. Without these brilliant qualities, the best clothes in the world will look awkward.

Anecdote Gallery.

BIRTHPLACE OF MR. WILBERFORCE.

Of a celebrated philanthropist of the last century, it has been well said that, "had he lived in ancient Greece or Rome, he would, probably, have been honoured with hero-worship, as the Genius of active benevolence." This distinction, it is presumed, may be extended to the excellent Samaritan, whose birthplace is represented above; who, though he may not, like John Howard, have made a "circumnavigation of Charity," so laboured for the happiness of mankind as to entitle

his name to the reverence of every member of the human family.

In a sketch of the life of this true patriot, in a contemporary journal,* it is observed that Mr. Wilberforce "was one of those remarkable individuals who are raised up from time to time to give a new and permanent stamp to the concerns of large portions of mankind; who have not passed through life and left behind them no distinct record of their existence; but whose name is traced upon the tablets of history; and is blended with the affairs of mighty nations. In the application of this remark to Mr. Wilberforce, we do not allude merely to that great question of justice, religion, humanity, and national policy, with which he is most currently and popularly identified; but also, and we might say more peculiarly, to the influence of his character and conduct as a Christian.

"His ancestors for many years were successfully engaged in trade at Hull. His great-grandfather was a Mr. William Wilberforce, who was one of the Governors of Beverley, in the year 1670. The grandson of this gentleman married Sarah, the daughter of Mr. John Thornton, about the year 1711; and hence, we believe, originated that intimate connexion with the Thornton family, which continued to the end of Mr. Wilberforce's life. There were two sons and two daughters, the issue of this marriage. William, the elder son, died without issue in the year 1780. Robert, the younger, married Miss Elizabeth Bird; the aunt, we believe, of the present Bishops of Winchester and Chester. The late Mr. Wilberforce was the only son of Mr. Robert Wilberforce, a Hull merchant; and grandson of Mr. William Wilberforce, who twice served the office of mayor of this town. There were two daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah; the former died unmarried; the latter was twice married, first to the Rev. — Clarke, and then to Mr. Stephen, the late Master in Chancery.

"Mr. Wilberforce was born at Hull, in the year 1759, in a house in High-street,† (shown in the Engraving,) now the property of Mr. Henwood. He was, in early life, educated at the Grammar school here, and afterwards at the Free school at Pocklington.

"He went to St. John's College, Cambridge as a fellow-commoner, at the usual age, and there formed an intimacy with Mr. Pitt, which remained unbroken till his death. Mr. Wilberforce did not attain academic honours; and, in fact, such honours were rarely sought at that time by those who wore a fellow-commoner's gown: but he was distinguished as a man of

* The Christian Advocate, for September, 1833.

† The house of Mr. John Lister, commonly so called from his living therein in King Charles the First's time, where he nobly treated him; ye thing that makes it observable is its handsome front to ye street, and not being crowded with adjoining buildings." A. De la Pryme's M.S.



(Birthplace of Mr. Wilberforce, Hull.)

elegant attainments and acknowledged classical taste. Dr. I. Milner, the late President of Queen's College in the same university, was another intimate of Mr. Wilberforce, and accompanied him and Mr. Pitt in a tour to Nice. We believe Miss Sarah Wilberforce was also of the party. This little event deserves particular mention, for he has often been heard to acknowledge that his first serious impressions of religion were derived from his conversation with Dr. I. Milner, during the journey.

"Mr. Wilberforce was chosen as the representative of his native town, as soon as he attained his majority. We believe that he represented Hull for two, if not three parliaments. He does not appear to have taken an active part in the business of the House till 1783, when he seconded an address of thanks on the peace. It cannot but be interesting at the present time, to find that in 1785, Mr. Wilberforce spoke in favour of a reform in parliament, when that subject was brought forward by Mr. Pitt. The plan then suggested was infinitely short of that which has since been carried into effect. Mr. Pitt proposed to suppress thirty-six decayed boroughs, to distribute their members among the counties, and to establish a fund of one million for the purchase of the franchise of other boroughs, to be transferred to unrepresented towns.

"It was in 1788 that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his purpose to draw the attention of the legislature to the subject of the

slave trade; on the 12th of May, 1789, he again brought the question before the House, introducing it with one of those powerful and impressive speeches which have justly classed him among the most eloquent men of his day; in 1790, Mr. Wilberforce revived the subject, when his motion was lost by a majority of 75.

"But Mr. Wilberforce was not to be discouraged. On the 3rd of April, 1792, he again moved the abolition; and he was again opposed by all the virulence and all the sophistry of colonial interest. After many similar unsuccessful attempts, he again renewed his favourite scheme on the 20th of May, 1804, when he moved that the house shall resolve itself into a committee, and he prefaced his motion with one of the most impassioned speeches ever made within its walls. His bill passed the third reading, by a majority of thirty-six, but was too late in the session to be discussed in the Lords; it was postponed to the ensuing session. This was the last time he took the lead in this great question. On the 10th of June, 1806, Mr. Fox, who was then in office, brought it forward at Mr. Wilberforce's special request. He rightly calculated on the superior influence of ministerial power. The bill, under the auspices of government, passed the lower House by a majority of one hundred and fourteen to fifteen; and through the efforts of Lord Grenville, was, at length, triumphant in the Lords. But the triumph was fairly given to Mr. Wilberforce. In the following year, his re-

turn for Yorkshire, which county he had represented in several successive Parliaments, was warmly contested; but such was the ardour with which the friends of humanity espoused his interest, that their subscriptions far exceeded the expense of his election, although more than £100,000.

"He remained in Parliament for many years, until he was nearly the father of the House. About the year 1825 he retired altogether into domestic life.

"In 1797, he married Miss Barbara Spooner, the daughter of an opulent banker at Birmingham. We believe that it was about this time he published his celebrated work on Christianity. It was his only work on religious or miscellaneous subjects.

"His lady and four sons have survived him. His eldest daughter died unmarried, in 1829. His other daughter married the Rev. J. James, and died within twelve months of her marriage.

"In his domestic life, he was playful and animated to a degree. He was extremely fond of children, and would enter into their gambols with the gaiety of a school-boy. In his person there was nothing calculated to excite attention; but, when his countenance was animated by conversation, the expression of the features was very striking.

"He died July 27th, 1833, aged 73 years. His remains are interred in Westminster Abbey, close to those of Pitt and Canning. It was not less honourable to the age than to his memory, to witness men of every rank, and every party, joining together to pay the last tribute of homage to a man whose title to public gratitude was exclusively founded upon his private worth and his disinterested services to mankind.

"A columnar memorial of this distinguished individual has been placed in this his native town, at the foot of the Junction Bridge."

The Engraving and the accompanying details have been derived from Greenwood's *Picture of Hull*, a little work exhibiting such industry and research as are the characteristics of accuracy.

New Books.

LIFE OF GRIMALDI. BY BOZ.

(Continued from page 171.)

[ONE of Grimaldi's entomologizing excursions leads Mr. Dickens to retain a very wishy-washy anecdote of Joe and his "friend Bob" finding themselves reduced in pocket to a sixpence, or, in reality, a piece of tin: the adventure occupies four pages, and is too weak to be pressed into a half-guinea volume. In 1794, Grimaldi and his mother removed to Pentonville to be handy to Sadlers Wells Theatre, where the Clown forms an attachment for Miss Maria Hughes, an accomplished young lady, sister of the present re-

spected proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens. The courtship is a lengthy matter, and with an account of a burglary and two attempts on the house at Pentonville, occupies some seventy or eighty pages; though they contain some interesting, unaffected writing. The next incident is more extraordinary: Grimaldi has just returned from a visit to Miss Hughes, at Gravesend.]

He had occasion to call at a coach-office in Gracechurch-street; but finding that it was not yet open, (for it was very early,) and not feeling at all fatigued by his journey, he determined to walk about the city for a couple of hours or so, and then to return to the coach-office. By so doing, he would pass away the time till the office opened, gain an opportunity of looking about him in that part of London to which he was quite a stranger, and avoid disturbing the family at home until a more seasonable hour. So he made up his mind to walk the two hours away, and turned back for that purpose.

It was now broad day. The sun had risen and was shedding a fine mild light over the quiet streets. The crowd so soon to be let loose upon them was not yet stirring, and the only people visible were the passengers who had landed from the boats, or who had just entered London by other early conveyances. Although he had lived in London all his life, he knew far less about it than many country people who had visited it once or twice; and so unacquainted was he with the particular quarter of the city in which he found himself, that he had never even seen the Tower of London. He walked down to look at that; and then he stared at the buildings round about, and the churches, and a thousand objects which no one but a loiterer ever bestows a glance upon; and so was walking on pleasantly enough, when all at once he struck his foot against something which was lying on the pavement.

Looking down to see what it was, he perceived, to his great surprise, a richly ornamented net purse of a very large size filled with gold coin.

He was perfectly paralyzed by the sight. He looked at it again and again without daring to touch it. Then, by a sudden impulse, he glanced cautiously round, and seeing that he was wholly unobserved, and that there was not a solitary being within sight, he picked up the purse and thrust it into his pocket.

As he stooped for this purpose, he observed, lying on the ground on very nearly the same spot, a small bundle of papers tied round with a piece of string. He picked them up too, mechanically. What was his astonishment, on examining this last discovery more narrowly, to find that the bundle was composed exclusively of Bank-notes!

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were no pa-sers-by, no sound of footsteps in the adjacent streets. He lingered about the spot for more than an hour, eagerly scrutinizing the faces of the people, who now began passing to and fro, with looks which themselves almost seemed to inquire whether they had lost anything. No! there was no inquiry, no searching; no person ran distractedly past him, or groped among the mud by the pavement's side. It was evidently of no use waiting there; and, quite tired of doing so, he turned and walked slowly back to the coach-office in Gracechurch-street. He met or overtook no person on the road who appeared to have lost anything, far less the immense sum of money (for such it appeared to him) that he had found.

All this time, and for hours afterwards, he was in a state of turmoil and agitation almost unceasing. He felt as if he had committed some dreadful theft, and feared discovery, and the shameful punishment which must follow it. His legs trembled beneath him so that he could scarcely walk, his heart beat violently, and the perspiration started on his face.

The more he reflected upon the precise nature of his situation, the more distressed and apprehensive he became. Suppose the money were to be found upon him by the loser, who would believe him when he declared that he picked it up in the street? Would it not appear much more probable that he had stolen it? and if such a charge were brought against him, by what evidence could he rebut it? As these thoughts, and twenty such, passed through his mind, he was more than once tempted to draw the money from his pocket, fling it on the pavement, and take to his heels; which he was only restrained from doing by reflecting that if he were observed and questioned, his answers might at once lead him to be accused of a charge of robbery, in which case he would be as badly off as if he were in the grasp of the real loser. It would appear at first sight a very lucky thing to find such a purse; but Grimaldi thought himself far from fortunate as these torturing thoughts filled his mind.

When he got to Gracechurch-street, he found the coach-office still closely shut, and, turning towards home through Coleman-street and Finsbury-square, he passed into the City-road, which then, with the exception of a few houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Angel at Islington, was entirely lined, on both sides, with the grounds of market-gardeners. This was a favourable place in which to count the treasure; so, sitting down upon a bank in a retired spot, just where the Eagle Tavern now stands, he examined his prize. The gold in the purse was all in guineas. The whole contents of the bundle were Bank-notes, varying in their

amounts from five to fifty pounds each. And this was all there was: there was no memorandum, no card, no scrap of paper, no document of any kind whatever, affording the slightest clue to the name or residence of the owner. Besides the money, there was nothing but the piece of string which kept the notes together, and the handsome silk net purse before mentioned which held the gold.

He could not count the money then, for his fingers trembled so that he could scarcely separate the notes, and he was so confused and bewildered that he could not reckon the gold. He counted it shortly after he reached home though, and found that there were 390 guineas, and 200*l.* in notes, making in the whole the sum of 590*l.*

He reached home between seven and eight o'clock, where, going instantly to bed, he remained sound asleep for several hours. There was no news respecting the money, which he longed to appropriate to his own use; so he put it carefully by, determining of course to abstain rigidly from doing so, and to use all possible means to discover the owner.

Eventually he resolved to consult an old and esteemed friend of his father's, upon whose judgment he knew he might depend, and whose best advice he felt satisfied he could command.

This determination he carried into execution that same evening, and after a long conversation with the gentleman in question, during which he met all the young man's natural and probably apparent inclination to apply the money to his own occasions and views with arguments and remarks which were wholly unanswerable. He submitted to be guided by him, and acted accordingly.

For a whole week the two friends carefully examined every paper which was published in London, if not in the hope, at least in the expectation of seeing the loss advertised; but, strange as it may seem, nothing of the kind appeared. At the end of the period named, an advertisement, of which the following is a copy, (their joint production,) appeared in the daily papers:—

"Found by a gentleman, in the streets of London, some money, which will be restored to the owner upon his giving a satisfactory account of the manner of its loss, its amount, the numbers of the notes," &c. &c.

To this was appended a full and particular address: but, notwithstanding all these precautions, notwithstanding the publicity that was given to the advertisement, and notwithstanding that the announcement was frequently repeated,—from that hour to the very last moment of his life Grimaldi never heard one word or syllable regarding the treasure he had so singularly acquired; nor was he ever troubled with any one application relative to the notice.

A somewhat similar circumstance occurred to his maternal grandfather. He was in the habit of attending Leadenhall Market early every Thursday morning, and as he frequently made large purchases, his purse was generally well lined. Upon one occasion, he took with him nearly four hundred pounds, principally in gold and silver, which formed a tolerably large bagful, the weight of which rather impeded his progress. When he arrived near the Royal Exchange, he found that his shoe had become unbuckled, and taking from his pocket the bag, which would otherwise have prevented his stooping, (for he was a corpulent man,) he placed it upon a neighbouring post, and then proceeded to adjust his buckle. This done, he went quietly on to market, thinking nothing of the purse and its contents until some time afterwards, when, having to pay for a heavy purchase, he missed it, and after some consideration recollected the place where he had left it. He hurried to the spot. Although more than three quarters of an hour had elapsed since he had left it in the prominent situation already described, there it remained safe and untouched on the top of a post in the open street!

ALICE: OR, THE MYSTERIES.
(Continued from page 191.)

"Oh, Carry!" cried Cecilia, "the great window is open;" and she ran up the steps.

"That is lucky," said Caroline; and the rest followed Cecilia.

Evelyn now stood within the library, of which Mr. Merton had spoken. It was a large room, about fifty feet in length, and proportionably wide; somewhat dark, for the light came only from the one large window through which they entered; and, though the window rose to the cornice of the ceiling and took up one side of the apartment, the daylight was subdued by the heaviness of the stonework in which the narrow panes were set, and by the glass stained with annual bearings in the upper part of the casement. The book-cases, too, were of the dark oak, which so much absorbs the light; and the gilding, formerly meant to relieve them, was discoloured by time.

The room was almost disproportionably lofty—the ceiling, elaborately coved and richly carved with grotesque masks, preserved the Gothic character of the age in which it had been devoted to a religious purpose. Two fireplaces, with high chimney-pieces of oak, in which were inserted two portraits, broke the symmetry of the tall bookcases. In one of these fireplaces were half-burnt logs; and a huge arm-chair, with a small reading-desk beside it, seemed to bespeak the recent occupation of the room. On the fourth side, opposite the window, the wall was covered with faded tapestry, representing the meeting of

Solomon and the Queen of She'ba; the arms was nailed over doors on either hand; the chinks between the door and the wall serving in one instance, to cut off in the middle his wise majesty, who was making a low bow; while in the other it took the ground from under the wanton queen, just as she was descending from her chariot.

Near the window stood a grand piano, the only modern article in the room, save one of the portraits, presently to be described. On all this Evelyn gazed silently and devoutly: she had naturally that reverence for genius, which is common to the enthusiastic and young; and there is, even to the dullard, a certain interest in the homes of those who have implanted within us a new thought. But here, there was, she imagined, a rare and singular harmony between the place and the mental characteristics of the owner. She fancied she now better understood the shadowy and metaphysical repose of thought that had distinguished the earlier writings of Maltravers—the writings composed or planned in this still retreat.

But what particularly caught her attention was one of the two portraits that adorned the mantelpieces. The farther one was stilted in the rich and fanciful armour of the time of Elizabeth;—the head bare, the helmet on a table, on which the hand rested. It was a handsome and striking countenance; and an inscription announced it to be a Digby, an ancestor of Maltravers, who had fallen by the side of Sidney in the field of Zutphen.

But the other was a beautiful girl of about eighteen, in the now almost antiquated dress of forty years ago. The features were delicate, but the colours somewhat faded, and there was something mournful in the expression. A silk curtain drawn on one side, seemed to denote how carefully it was prized by the possessor.

Evelyn turned for explanation to her heroine.

"This is the second time I have seen that picture," said Caroline; for it is only by great entreaty, and as a mysterious favour, that the old housekeeper draws aside the veil. Some touch of sentiment in Maltravers makes him regard it as sacred. It is the picture of his mother before she married; she died in giving him birth."

Evelyn sighed—how well she understood the sentiment, that seemed to Caroline so eccentric! The countenance fascinated her—the eye seemed to follow her as she turned.

"As a proper pendant to this picture," said Caroline, "he ought to have dismissed the effigy of yon warlike gentleman, and replaced it by one of poor Lady Florence Lascelles, for whose loss he is said to have quitted his country; but, perhaps, it was the loss of her fortune."

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Evelyn, with a burst of generous indignation.

"Ah, my dear, you heiresses have a fellow-feeling with each other!—Nevertheless, clever men are less sentimental than we deem them—heigho!—this quiet room gives me the spleen, I fancy."

"Dearest Evy," whispered Cecilia, "I think you have a look of that pretty picture, only you are much prettier. Do take off your bonnet; your hair falls down just like hers."

Evelyn shook her head gravely; but the spoiled child hastily untied the ribbons, and snatched away the hat, and Evelyn's sunny ringlets fell down in beautiful disorder. There was no resemblance between Evelyn and the portrait, except in the colour of the hair, and the careless fashion it now by chance assumed. Yet Evelyn was pleased to think that a likeness did exist, though Caroline declared it was a most unflattering compliment.

"I don't wonder," said the latter, changing the theme—"I don't wonder Mr. Maltravers lives so little in this 'Castle Dull;' yet it might be much improved—French windows and plate-glass, for instance; and if those lumbering book-shelves and horrid old chimney-pieces were removed, and the ceiling painted white and gold, like that in my uncle's saloon, and a rich, lively paper, instead of the tapestry, it would really make a very fine ball-room."

"Let us have a dance here now," cried Cecilia. "Come, stand up, Sophy;"—and the children began to practise a waltz step, tumbling over each other, and laughing in full glee.

"Hush, hush!" said Evelyn, softly. She had never before checked the children's mirth and she could not tell why she did so now.

"I suppose the old butler has been entertaining the bailiff here," said Caroline, pointing to the remains of the fire.

"And is this the room he chiefly inhabited—the room that you say they show as his?"

"No; that tapestry door to the right leads into a little study, where he wrote." So saying, Caroline tried to open the door, but it was locked from within. She opened the other door, which showed a long wainscoted passage, hung with rusty pikes and a few breastplates of the time of the Parliamentary Wars. "This leads to the main body of the house," said Caroline; "from which the room we are now in and the little study are completely detached, having, as you know, been the chapel in popish times. I have heard that Sir Kenelm Digby, an ancestral connexion of the present owner, first converted them into their present use; and, in return, built the village church on the other side of the park."

Sir Kenelm Digby, the old cavalier-philosopher!—a new name of interest to conse-

crate the place! Evelyn could have lingered all day in the room; and, perhaps, as an excuse for a longer sojourn, hastened to the piano—it was open—she ran her fairy fingers over the keys, and the sound, from the untuned and neglected instrument, thrilled wild and spirit-like through the melancholy chamber.

"Oh! do sing us something, Evy," cried Cecilia, running up to, and drawing a chair to, the instrument.

"Do, Evelyn," said Caroline, languidly; "it will serve to bring one of the servants to us, and save us a journey to the offices."

It was just what Evelyn wished. Some verses, which her mother especially loved—verses written by Maltravers upon returning after absence, to his own home—had rushed into her mind as she had touched the keys. They were appropriate to the place, and had been beautifully set to music. So the children hushed themselves, and nestled at her feet; and after a little prelude, keeping the accompaniment under, that the spoiled instrument might not mar the sweet words, and sweeter voice, she began the song.

Meanwhile, in the adjoining room—the little study which Caroline had spoken of—sat the Owner of the House!—he had returned suddenly and unexpectedly the previous night. The old steward was in attendance at the moment, full of apologies, congratulations, and gossip; and Maltravers, grown a stern and haughty man, was already impatiently turning away—when he heard the sudden sound of the children's laughter and loud voices in the room beyond. Maltravers frowned.

[After an angry parley with the old steward, a voice of such heavenly sweetness was heard without, that it made the "stern Maltravers start in his seat. He held up his hand to the steward to delay his errand, and listened, charmed and spell-bound. His own words came on his ear—words long unfamiliar to him, and at first but imperfectly remembered—words connected with the early and virgin years of poetry and aspiration—words that were as the ghosts of thoughts now far too gentle for his altered soul. He bowed down his head, and the dark shade left his brow."

[In a few minutes, the fair singer is surprised.]

She started: the door that led to the study was opened—and in the aperture was the figure of a man, in the prime of life. His hair, still luxuriant as in his earliest youth, though darkened by the suns of the East, curled over a forehead of majestic expanse. The high and proud features, that well became a stature above the ordinary standard—the pale but bronzed complexion—the large eyes of deepest blue, shaded by dark brows and lashes—and, more than all, that expres-

sion at once of passion and repose which characterizes the old Italian portraits, and seems to denote the inscrutable power that experience imparts to intellect—constituted an *ensemble* which, if not faultlessly handsome, was eminently striking, and adapted at once to interest and to command. It was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten: it was a face that had long, half unconsciously, haunted Evelyn's young dreams: it was a face she had seen before, though then younger, and milder, and fairer, it wore a different aspect. Evelyn stood rooted to the spot, feeling herself blush to her very temples—an enchanting picture of bashful confusion and innocent alarm.

[After a few elegant compliments from the stranger, Evelyn is joined by Cecilia and Caroline, and Maltravers recognises the former.]

"When Miss Cameron was but a child, as high as my little friend here, an accident on the road procured me her acquaintance; and the sweetness and fortitude she then displayed left an impression on me not worn out even to this day.—And thus we meet again," added Maltravers, in a muttered voice, as to himself, "How strange a thing life is!"

[The young party then take leave, and return to the Rectory.]

A STORM ON THE PASSAGE TO NEW YORK.

(From Miss Martineau's *Retrospect of Western Travel*.)

A BAD captain must be the worst of annoyances, to judge by contrast from the comfort we enjoyed under the government of an exceedingly good one. We had all great faith in Captain Holdrege as an excellent sailor; and we enjoyed daily and hourly, proofs of his kindness of heart, and desire to make every body about him happy. It was amazing with what patience he bore the teasing of some who were perpetually wanting to know things that he could not possibly tell them:—when we should be at New York, and so forth. The gentleman who unconsciously supplied the most merriment to the party, waylaid the captain one busy morning,—one of the first when there had been any thing for the captain to do, and he was in such a bustle that nobody else dreamed of speaking to him.

"Captain," said the gentleman, "I want to speak to you."

"Another time, sir, if you please. I am in a hurry now."

"But, Captain, I want to speak to you very much."

"Speak, then, sir, and be quick, if you please."

"Captain, I am very glad you have a cow on board,—because of the milk."

"Hum," said the captain, and went on with his business.

One Sunday morning, when we were on "the Banks," this gentleman came to me with a doleful face, to tell me that he thought we should have been at New York to-day. I found that he had actually expected this up to the night before, because he had been told, previous to sailing, that we should probably spend our fourth Sunday at New York. It was proposed to tell him that we should probably be in the Pacific by the next morning to see whether he would believe it: but I believe the experiment was not ventured upon. Some of the passengers, talking one day at dinner of percussion caps, asked him whether they were used in a regiment of which he had frequently spoken. He replied that he did not know, as he had not inquired much into the costume of the army.

By the 23rd of August we were only about 120 miles N.W. of the Azores. On the 1st of September, when our thoughts wandered homewards to the sportsmen all abroad in the stubble, to the readers of monthly periodicals in which we were interested, and to our families who were doubtless fancying us on the point of landing, we were not far from where we were a week ago. We had had beautiful weather, but every variety of westerly wind with it. The passengers began to flag. The novels were all read; the ladies' work was all done; and shuffle-board and chess will not do for ever. The captain began to send up an occasional whet of cherry-bounce to the ladies before dinner. For my own part, I was finishing my writing, and finding my first leisure for books; and I found myself forgetting New York, and losing sight of all I expected to see beyond it in the pleasures of the sea. We were now scarcely half way. The turning point of the voyage came the next day in the shape of a storm.

Before I went on board, I had said that I should like to witness a storm as fierce as we could escape from without fatal damage. Some passenger repeated this wish of mine (very common in persons going to sea for the first time) in the hearing of the mate, who told the sailors; who, accordingly, were overheard saying one afternoon, that I had better come on deck and see what I should see. My clerical friend took the hint and called me hastily, to observe the crew make ready for a squall. I ran up and perceived the black line advancing over the water from the horizon,—the remarkable indication of a coming squall. The sailors were running up the shrouds to get the sails in. The second mate was aloft, in the post of danger, his long hair streaming in the wind, while with us below, all was calm. The sails were got in, just in time. The captain did not come down to dinner. Orders were given to "splice the main-brace;" for the crew had been handling the ropes since

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four in the morning. I saw them come for their grog; and then wait for what might happen next. By sunset the sky was tremendous; the sea rising, the wind moaning and whistling strangely. When I staggered to the stern, to bid the sea good night, according to custom, the waters were splendidly luminous. Floods of blue fire were dashed abroad from our bows, and beyond, the whole expanse sparkled as with diamonds.

All night the noises would have banished sleep, if we could have lain quiet. There was a roar of wind; the waves dashed against the sides of the ship, as if they were bursting in; water poured into our cabin, though the skylight was fastened down. A heavy fall was now and then heard from the other cabin;—some passenger heaved out of his berth. After five hours, I could hold in no longer, and a tremendous lurch tossed me out upon the floor, where I alighted upon my thimble and scissors, the ottoman I was working (and which I had felt confident was far enough off), my clothes, books, and the empty water bottle. All these things were lying in a wet heap. I traversed the ladies' cabin to explore, holding by whatever was fastened to the floor. The only dry place in which I could lie down was under the table; and standing was out of the question; so I brought a blanket and pillow, lay down with a firm hold of the leg of the table, and got an hour's welcome sleep; by which time the storm was enough to have awakened the dead. The state of our cabin was intolerable;—the crashing of glass, the complaining voices of the sick ladies, the creaking and straining of the ship; and, above all, the want of air, while the winds were roaring over head. I saw no necessity for bearing all this: so, sick as I was, I put my clothes on, swathed myself in one cloak, and carried up another, wherewith to lash myself to something on deck.

There, all was so glorious that I immediately stumbled down again to implore the other ladies to come up and be refreshed: but no one would listen to me. They were too ill.—I got the captain's leave to fasten myself to the post of the binnacle, promising to give no trouble, and there I saw the whole of the never-to-be-forgotten scene.

We were lying in the trough of the sea, and the rolling was tremendous. The captain wished to wear round, and put out a sail which, though quite new, was instantly split to ribands; so that we had to make ourselves contented where we were. The scene was perfectly unlike what I had imagined. The sea was no more like water than it was like laud or sky. When I had heard of the ocean running mountains high, I thought it a mere hyperbolical expression. But here the scene was of huge wandering mountains,

—wandering as if to find a resting-place,—with dreary leaden vales between. The sky seemed narrowed to a mere slip overhead, and a long-drawn extent of leaden waters seemed to measure a thousand miles; and these were crested by most exquisite shades of blue and green where the foam was about to break. The heavens seemed rocking their masses of torn clouds, keeping time with the billows to the solemn music of the winds; the most swelling and mournful music I ever listened to. The delight of the hour I shall not forget: it was the only new scene I had ever beheld that I had totally and unsuspectingly failed to imagine.

It was impossible to remain longer than noon, unless we meant to be drowned. When two or three gentlemen had been almost washed off, and the ship had been once nearly half her length under water, it was time to go below,—and as the necessity was. The gale gradually abated. In the afternoon the ladies obtained leave to have their skylight opened, their cabin mopped, and the carpets taken up and carried away to dry.

The sailors got the mate to inquire how I liked the storm. If I was not satisfied now I never should be. I was satisfied, and most thankful. The only thing that surprised me much was, that there was so little terrific about it. I was not aware till the next day, when the captain was found to have set it down a hurricane in the log-book, how serious a storm it was. The vessel is so obviously buoyant, that it appears impossible to overwhelm her; and we were a thousand miles from any rocks. In the excitement of such an hour, one feels that one would as soon go down in those magnificent waters as die any other death; but there was nothing present which impressed me with the idea of danger but the terrors of two of the passengers. Of the poor ladies I can give no account; but one gentleman pulled his travelling cap forward over his eyes, clasped his hands on his knees, and sat visibly shaking in a corner of the round-house, looking shrunk to half his size. The fears of another I regarded with more respect, because he tried hard to hide them. He followed me throughout, talking in an artist-like style about the tints and the hues, and many other things that were to be noted, but not talked about at the moment. If he succeeded in covering up his fears from himself, one may well excuse the bad taste of the means employed. My clerical friend did better. He was on the watch for others and for himself. In high exhilaration, he helped every body, saw every thing, and will, to the end of his days, I will answer for it, forget nothing of that glorious time.

The Gatherer.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—Human life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than Hope. It gives to the righteous man comfort under the greatest calamity. How many would die did not Hope sustain them; and, how many have died by hoping too much. Hope is both a flatterer and a true friend: it is ever encouraging man, and never leaves him, till they both expire together: it is almost as the air, by which the mind does live. There is one thing which may add to our value of it—that it is appropriate to man alone. Who could live surrounded with calamities, did not smiling Hope cheer him with expectation of deliverance: there is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her comfort. Whatever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it; but it often performs like Domitian, promising all, without fulfilling anything. This good comes from Hope, that it sweetens our passage through the world; and, sometimes, by setting us to work, it produces great actions, though not always for our benefit. The best is to hope for things possible and probable. If we can take her comforts, without transferring her our confidence, we shall surely find her a sweet companion. I will be content to hope for that which may conduce to peace and happiness.

W. G. C.

Gems; from Alice: or, the Mysteries.

Love, in its first dim and imperfect shape, is but imagination concentrated on one object.

Genius and Love.—Genius has so much in common with love: the imagination that animates one is so much the property of the other—that there is not a surer sign of the existence of genius than the love that it creates and bequeaths. It penetrates deeper than the reason—it binds a nobler captive than the fancy. As the sun upon the dial, it gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light. Nations are its worshippers and wooers; and Posterity learns from its oracles to dream—to aspire—to adore!

Town and Country.—A metropolitan life with its perpetual and graceful excitements;—the best music—the best companions—the best things, in short. Provincial life is so dull, its pleasures so tiresome; to talk over the last year's news, and wear out one's last year's dresses; cultivate a conservatory, and play Pope Joan with a young party. Dreadful!

A Genius.—If a man is called a genius, it means that he is to be thrust out of all the good things in this life. In fact, a genius is supposed to be the most ignorant, impracticable, good-for-nothing, do-nothing sort of thing that ever walked upon two legs.

Mediocre.—Mediocre men have the monopoly of the loaves and fishes; and even when

talent does rise in life, it is a talent that only differs from mediocrity by being more energetic and bustling.

The Man of System.—We give men like that—men of genius—a large property in the clouds, in order to justify ourselves in pushing them out of our way below. But if they are contented with fame, why they deserve their fate. Hang fame—give me power.

The Weather.—I suppose our English habit of talking on the weather arose when we were all a squirrechal, farming, George-the-Third kind of people! Weather is really a serious matter to gentlemen who are interested in beans and vetches—wheat and hay.

Old Seats.—The old seats left to us in England are chiefly those of our great nobles. It is so rare to see one, that does not aspire beyond the residence of a private gentleman, preserve all the relics of the Tudor age.

There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself!

They who would take charge of the soul, must never be too wise, to regard the heart!

There is a great difference between first fancy and first love.

A great man never loses so much as when he exhibits intolerance, or parades the right of persecution.

Politicians believe in no discontent that is not political.

Political faction lives converts better even than consistent adherents.

Noble Mansions.—The magnificent châteaux—the immense estates of our English peers—tend to preserve to us, in spite of the freedom, bustle, and commercial grandeur of our people, more of the Norman attributes of aristocracy than can be found in other countries. In his county, the great noble is a petty prince—his house is a court—his possessions and munificence are a boast to every proprietor in his district. They are as fond of talking of the Earl's or the Duke's movements and entertainments, as Dangeau was of the gossip of the Tuileries and Versailles.

Ambition.—If Vargrave had a talent in the world, it was in discovering the weak points of men whom he sought to gain, and making the vanities of others conduce to his own ambition.

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